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The
BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

BARBON

STATE OF THE
OF
THE
THE

CHURCH

BARDOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

Translated from the original Latin.

How mungrel PERSIUS paid RUPILIUS off
Surnam'd the KING, that banish'd railing huff,
And gave him *quid* for *quo*, I think, is known
To all the blind, and barbers' shops in town.

CREECH. HOR.

- London :

PRINTED BY J. CROWDER, WARWICK-SQUARE;
AND SOLD BY J. JOHNSON, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1800.

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BATTLE OF THE BARRS

Translated from the original Latin

The present edition is a translation of
the original Latin text, which has been
revised and corrected by the author.
The text is in Latin, and the translation
is in English.

PRINTED BY J. CROWDER, W. W. L. & CO. LTD.
AND SOLD BY J. CROWDER, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

1900

TO THE READER.

HAVING, very recently, met with a Macaronico-Latin Poem, called BARDOMACHIA, I was so much amused with its humour, that, through the medium of his bookseller, I obtained the Author's permission to give it an English dress, for the sake of those who may not understand the original. I have taken the common liberty of translators; not to render word for word, but sentence for sentence. I have subjoined no notes, because I deem them unnecessary appendages: and have ever considered it as a pitiful device, to make a couple of lines in verse a peg on which to hang a score of lines in prose. A Poem, that needs such comments, resembles a poor cripple, who cannot walk without crutches. Adieu.

TO THE READER

Having now written a book, I am
from, called "Bible Stories," I am
anxious, that, though the plan of the book is
simple, it should be given in a simple
and easy not uninteresting manner. I have
been of opinion, not to render it for work, but
rather, I have intended no more, because I
very frequently find that even children, to
read a couple of lines in their book, or
that is, a story. A story, that is, such a
story, the reader will find it interesting.

The

BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

FROM London to Landsend, who has not heard
Of a rare battle between BARD and BARD,
Which, late, was fought in Piccadilly street;
Where bards, and beaux, and bragadocios meet;
With all the idle quidnuncs of the day;
To kill old time, or chace old care away?
So fierce a combat, between man and man,
Was never fought, since fighting first began!

Say, pow'r of rime, was it or spleen or spite,
That made those followers of Apollo fight?
Say, first, who was th' aggressor, in a strife
Which might have reft two rival Bards of life;
And, but for Phœbus' providential care,
Driven all the weeping Muses to despair?

'Twas PETER PINDAR, of facetious fame;
Who makes of KINGS and QUEENS his common game;
And thinks no more of basting royal brawn,
Than he would think of cracking a poor prawn!
Peers, princes, potentates—the faint and finner—
He bastinades alike—to gain a dinner!

No

No pow'r on earth escapes his lawless rod;
 Nor pow'r in heav'n — from angel up to God!
 So much this Theban loves lascivious fun:
 You'd swear he were old Momus' eldest son.

What loads of dirt, from year to year he throws
 At our Academists, the world well knows.
 Scarce Opie safe, he spatters all the rest;
 Nor spares the great imperial painter West!

But, chief, his brother-bards he loves to bite:
 To maul a scribbler is his dear delight!
 Whether in pompous rime, or puny prose
 Scribblers *will* scribble, he *will* them expose.
 This, naturally, begets the detestation
 Of the whole irritable scribbling nation:
 Who, though they loudly laugh at other folk,
 Cannot endure the rude retorted joke.

MÆVIADÉS,—than whom it would be hard
 To find on earth a more abusive bard—
 Mæviades had often felt the smart
 Of Peter Pindar's light but pointed dart.
 Peter had often ridiculed his verse,
 Always tentigenous, though sometimes terse!
 Peter his form had liken'd to an izzard!
 All this stuck deep and rankled in his gizzard.
 Rage in his brow, and rancour in his breast,
 He to the Fleet-street Nymphs this pray'r address'd:

“ If

" If ever it my constant care have been
 " Your jakes to empty, and your jars to clean,
 " Hear now mine orison! sweet Muses, hear!
 " Grant me the face of Pindar to besmear:
 " And on his wrinkled front stamp such disgrace,
 " As time, eternal time, shall ne'er efface.
 " A precious gift I'll offer at your shrine:
 " Six volumes of our ANTIJACOBINE!
 " As many BRITISH CRITICS, in a string,
 " Wet from the press, my pious hands shall bring!
 " An hundred folios of our SUN shall raise
 " The gelid heap into a fiery blaze!
 " Its smoky column shall nice odours bear
 " To your chaste nostrils, through the liquid-air!"
 No more he said—The *easy* Nymphs, content
 With his oblation, smile, and nod assent.
 Straight, he prepares his grey-goose quill to brandish:
 And, brandish'd, dips it in his gall-ink standish:
 When lo! a Libel, in a LETTER's shape
 (Which not even Billingsgate itself could ape,
 And which, if he were yet alive, would rob
 Of all his patience the all-patient Job)
 Appears in print; and, like a common ditty,
 Is hawk'd through all the town, and all the city!

Soon as the sheets, replete with rimes obscene
 And filthy phrases, were by Pindar seen,

B. He

He inly griev'd—His Cornish heart grew big
 Like a huge mole-hill, or a judge's wig!
 Resentment fans his half-extinguish'd fire;
 And all his bosom glows with vengeful ire!
 He burns to fight—but not, as heretofore,
 A pen or pencil in his hand he bore:
 Although these arms, ne'er wielded yet in vain,
 Had many a battle won and warrior slain;
 And many a battle yet may win again.

A fitter weapon, as he look'd around,
 He in a corner of his chamber found.
 It was a cudgel of the hardest oak,
 Knotful, and apt to deal a deadly stroke,
 If well applied—This with his better hand
 He grasps, and stately stalks along the strand.
 Not long his march—on vengeance' wings elate,
 He soon arriv'd at WRIGHT's wide-open gate.

This Wright is a most loyal worthy wight,
 Ever prepar'd for CHURCH and KING to fight,
 'Gainst croaking Democrates, who dun the nation
 With woeful cries of rueful REFORMATION:
 And curse the WAR; though war alone can save
 Our King and Constitution from the grave.

Hence, to his shop, so spacious and so fair,
 The Loyal and the Orthodox repair;
 Repair in crowds, and rack their Doric wit
 To sound the praises of celestial PITT:

And

And sing the mighty deeds he has atchiev'd—
 Stupendous deeds—that scarce can be believ'd!
 'Mong those Mæviades, the chief of all,
 Sits like a Prebendary in his stall;
 Presses, not fills, the arm'd Dictator's chair,
 And deals his dictates with a master's air:
 Dispenses Oracles deep,—deep, though dark;
 And deems his self a second Aristarch.

Him Peter spying, quickly to him ran,
 And thus address'd the ziz-zag Gentleman:

“Thou art, if from thy mien I rightly guess,

“The rascal, whom they call Mæviades!”

“Mæviades I am,” the bard replies,

“But not a rascal!”

“Not a rascal?” cries

Th' indignant Pindar:—“never was a greater,

“Thou base, calumnious, everlasting prater!

“But why in idle words consume our time?

“Take this reward of thine audacious crime!”

He said—and on the trembling varlet's head

Twice his stout stick with all his force he laid.

Not great Alcides his repeated thwack

Laid harder on the horrid Hydra's back!

And, sure, another stroke, so fierce and fell,

Would have dispatch'd the Poet's soul to hell,—

Or heav'n—The red blood down his temples ran!

His cheeks, so rubicund before, grew wan!

And Death, untimely Death, with scythe elate,
 Was ready to decide his instant fate:
 When Phoebus, loth to see a poet die,
 In bloom of youth, resolves to quit the sky,
 And save a PARENT, for his PROGENY:
 I mean the product of his fertile brains;
 His *lawful* offspring—his *satyric strains*.

Quick through the misty air Apollo steer'd,
 And in gigantic PELTIER's form appear'd!
 Castor and Pollux wait on his command,
 And, in the shape of shop-men, by him stand!
 Thus three immortals (fate extremely hard)
 Attack, at once, a single mortal bard!

And, first, Dan Phoebus, with a sudden stroke,
 Dash'd from his uprais'd arm the murd'rous oak:
 Then Læda's brothers, with resistless pow'r,
 Tie both his hands; and push him to the door.

And, now, Mæviades, grown bold, arose
 In hasty fury, to return his blows.
 The hostile cudgel, reeking yet with gore
 So lately shed, he snatches from the floor;
 And bravely threatens, in his wrath so great,
 To crack afunder Peter Pindar's pate!
 But, like the heroes, whom old Homer sang,
 He first premised this eloquent harangue:
 "Thou brute! thou beast! thou sot! thou slimy toad,
 "That spitst and spuest thy venom all abroad;

"On

" On all that genius, all that worth holds dear,
 " Unfullied rank, and piety sincere!
 " Thou worse than reptile, worse than deadly snake,
 " That bites the traveller, lurking in the brake!
 " Thou bloated mass, thou gross unkneced clod!
 " Thou foe to man, and renegade from God!
 " Sacred to infamy, through every stage,
 " From noxious childhood, to pernicious age!
 " Thy little tongue in blasphemies was loos'd!
 " Thy little hands in deeds of horror us'd!
 " A monster, matchless since the world began;
 " A cacodæmon in the form of man!
 " Think'st thou, I fear thee, nerveless dotard? No,
 " I fear thee not—Fear Peter Pindar?—Oh!
 " Th' unworthy thought! The sole suspicion wrings
 " My very heart; and frets its starkest strings!
 " Fear thee? thou poltroon!—Here I fix my stand,
 " And dare the utmost of thy tongue and hand.
 " Touch thou me not, or to thy peril know,
 " I give no easy conquest to the foe:
 " Prepar'd each threat to baffle or to spurn,
 " Each blow with tenfold vigor to return!"
 He said—then rais'd the stick, and laid it hard
 On the bald hind-head of the routed bard.
 Ignoble deed!—Who wounds a vanquish'd foe?
 Cowards alone such wanton valour show.

Yet

Yet Peter, though thus worsted in the fray,
 Went not entirely unreveng'd away:
 But, turning round his head with great disdain,
 He loos'd his tongue in this retortive strain:
 "Wert thou a MAN, and not a MONKEY vile,
 "I would have met thee in another stile:
 "But since thou wear'st an Oran-outang's face,
 "To treat thee like a man would be disgrace.
 "You've 'scap'd, at present, with an half-paid debt:
 "But the remainder, pimp! awaits thee yet:
 "Where'er I find thee, day or night, prepare
 "The well-earn'd vengeance of my arm to bear."
 This having, in a tone emphatic, said,
 He stole away, to seek the surgeon's aid.
 Each poet, now, bewails his shameful scar!
 Such was th' event of this eventful war.
 I've told the tale, as well as I was able:
 Now please to hear the MORAL of the Fable.
 Whoe'er WE be, that have the scribbling itch
 (So apt our sober senses to bewitch)
 Let us, my bretheren, ever have before us
 The sound advice of our great master Horace.
*All ye who write (says he) be sure to chuse
 A subject fitted to your proper Muse.
 Whate'er your genius, learning, talents, wit;
 Consider well what loads your shoulders fit;*

What

What ye can bear, or what may make you fall.
 Not ev'ry sort of writing suits us all.

But, chief, in fatyr if we will engage,
 To paint the faults and follies of the age;
 Be free from rancour every honest page.
 Sin let us lash—but let us be content
 To spare the sinner—he may yet repent:
 And while, without the breach of any rule,
 We laugh at folly—pity we the fool.

From personal abuse what evils rise,
 This pat example sets before our eyes.
 Had Pindar and Mæviades been men:
 Who never brandish'd a malignant pen—
 Who never stain'd the candour of their paper
 With the black snuffings of a smoking taper;
 And given a consequential air of state
 To all the low-born brats of Billingsgate:
 Their, no mean, talents might have been employ'd
 In writing rimes, that we could have enjoy'd:
 And they, themselves, be, at this very hour,
 Softly reposing in the Muses' bow'r:
 Whereas, through mutual envy, mutual rage,
 See them in base and bloody war engage;
 Rake ev'ry dung-hill, loads of filth to throw
 At one another—each a desp'rate foe!

What

What is the consequence? Both, with disgrace,
 Become the scorn and laughter of the place;
 The mocking-stock of even the populace.
 Who, for their sake; a tear of pity sheds?
 Or spreads a plaister for their batter'd heads?
 Even broth-bards regardless pass along,
 And in loud laughter join the vulgar throng.

The End.